Vlad is bored by PuffyPhantom

Category: Danny Phantom

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Summary:

Vlad has a bad case of boredom. Unfortunately for Danny, he seems to be the cure.

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1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

> I kinda know where I'm going with this silly short story. I'm terrible at updating though. Whoops.

“Maddie, my dear, it’s so wonderful to see you again,” Vlad drawled, taking Maddie's hand and bowing down to place a chaste kiss on it.

Quickly recovering from his initial surprise of seeing Vlad at the front door of his home, Danny sank further into the couch, fighting the urge to gag.

Maddie laughed nervously, pulling her hand away. “Erm, thank you, Vlad. It’s… good to see you too,” she said warily and stepped to the side to let Vlad in, closing the door behind him.

Vlad glanced at Danny. It only took a split second after their eyes had met to let Danny know that Vlad was up to something and that his unexpected visit was no coincidence. But he’d have to confirm his suspicions later. And in a much more private setting.

“Anyway, Jack should be out here shortly. Danny, sweetie, keep Vlad company while I go finish up dinner,” Maddie requested, giving Vlad the side-eye before she hurried off into the kitchen.

Danny remained seated, staring skeptically at Vlad with his arms crossed as he approached him. “Do you have to keep doing that?”

“Wonderful to see you as well, little badger,” Vlad greeted with a wry smile, hiding his hands behind his back in his usual businessman-like pose. “Keep doing what, pray tell?”

“Acting like you still have a crazy obsession over my mom. And right in front of me too,” Danny said with a roll of his eyes.

Vlad lifted a brow, looking very full of himself. “Oh my. Could it be that you’re jealous of your own mother, Daniel?”

“Ha-ha, very funny." Danny stood up from the couch and shrugged his shoulders. “I’m just saying. Don’t you think it’s weird acting like that knowing you’ve been *doing it* with her own son?” he whispered sardonically, leaning into Vlad’s direction to make sure only he could hear him.

“All the more reason I should continue.”

“Huh?”

“I have to stay in character so as to not arouse any suspicion,” Vlad said lowly.

“Something about the way you still look at my mom tells me that’s not the whole truth,” Danny told him with an unimpressed stare.

“Believe me, my dear boy, I only have eyes for you. It’s because when I look at your mother, I see your lovely visage clear as day, and I can’t help but feel enchanted,” Vlad explained all too cheerily.

Danny made a face. “Ew. That’s not really helping your case, Vlad.”

“Well then...” Vlad took Danny’s hand in his, running his thumb over Danny’s knuckles in a tender caress. “How about I give you the same treatment? So you don’t feel left out,” he murmured.

“Whatever, you sappy old man,” Danny said, unable to hold back a smile of his own. He watched in mild amusement as Vlad leaned down, bringing his hand up to his lips, and he could see why girls would become smitten over such a gesture. It was kind of nice. Corny, but nice.

“Hey, V-Man!”

As if he’d been scalded, Danny snatched his hand away before Vlad could continue just as his father excitedly stomped his way into the room.

Vlad quickly straightened up as well, though in a much more composed manner and with a glower firmly set on his face. "Greetings, Jack—oof!”

Jack none too gently slapped Vlad on his back, causing him to stumble forward a bit. He straightened up again with a scowl that Danny knew his dad would be oblivious to.

Danny held back a snicker. It was funny; he could tell Vlad didn’t even have to try to “stay in character” when he was around his dad. It probably came naturally. At least he no longer had a death wish against him.

“It’s great to see you again, old chum!” Jack greeted him.

“Likewise,” Vlad said through clenched teeth.

Danny stood next to Vlad, absently listening in to the one-sided conversation his father was holding up about his latest ghost catching invention. He wondered what Vlad was planning now. It wasn’t like him to suddenly show up at his house. Or maybe Vlad just wanted to see him again now that he'd moved to upscale parts of Amity Park.

But knowing who Vlad was, even if he had changed significantly since they first met, there had to be something else other than that. Danny could only mentally cross his fingers and hope that it wouldn't be anything too extreme.

After some minutes ticked by, Danny brought his hand up to cover his mouth as he felt a yawn threatening to escape when a cold wisp of air left him instead. The presence of something uncanny stood behind him. Then, his hand was caught by the wrist and something else pressed down on his opposite shoulder. His blood instantly ran cold, yet Danny was almost immediately able to distinguish the familiar ghostly aura.

“How rude of me to ignore you. Allow me to continue where we left off,” Plasmius whispered right against Danny’s ear, eliciting a shiver.

Blushing, Danny shot a glare at Vlad, clearly sending him a silent message to knock it off. But Vlad was too busy feigning innocence, now pretending

to be entirely involved in the friendly exchange with his dad and even adding on to what his dad was saying.

Danny attempted to pull his arm away from the invisible grasp it was in, but Plasmius wasn't having it. Keeping a firm grip on Danny's shoulder, Plasmius maneuvered him so that his palm was parallel to his head. To anyone else, it would've looked like Danny was raising his hand to ask a question.

"Vlad," Danny hissed as quietly as he could, desperately trying to grab Vlad's attention. Of course, Vlad remained deliberately and irritatingly ignorant of his panic.

He was about to risk zapping Vlad's foot with a small spark of his own ghost energy when something soft and cold pressed against his skin. Danny went completely rigid.

Plasmius was kissing his hand—right in front of his dad.

Danny's face ignited. He bit his bottom lip. Giving up on fighting back, he stood there awkwardly as Plasmius peppered his hand with light kisses. His only saving grace was that his dad hadn't appeared to catch on to his strange behavior.

And just when Danny thought he couldn't be any more humiliated, he fought back a whimper when Plasmius licked a stripe from his wrist up to his knuckles, obscenely delving his spectral tongue in between Danny's index and middle finger. Danny's breath hitched, Plasmius' act unwillingly causing an inappropriate sensation to go straight to his belly.

Plasmius hummed into Danny's ear. "I came here with quite an appetite, but your mother said dinner isn't ready yet. I wonder what else I can sink my teeth into instead?" he asked in a sultry, playful whisper, moving his hand from Danny's shoulder and snaking it down the side of his body.

Danny's eyes flickered from where Plasmius' intangible hand was moving and then up to his dad. He was still distracted, but that didn't help ease Danny's tension in the slightest. His sense of foreboding intensified when

that devious hand stopped moving, resting dangerously low on his hip and keeping him still from pure trepidation alone.

“Ah, I see fresh meat is on the menu today,” Plasmius murmured, brushing his hand over the crotch of Danny’s jeans. “How delectable,” he breathed out and squeezed.

“Hold that thought, Vladdie—Son? Did ya need somethin’?”

As if he were never there to begin with, Plasmius disappeared, leaving Danny’s hand to hang stupidly in the air. Jack raised a brow.

“Uh—” Danny snapped his hand down, shoving it into his front pocket. He sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck with the other. “I’m just—um. I’m gonna go see if Mom needs any help,” he said in a rush, wincing from how his voice had cracked.

He started towards the kitchen, his face burning hot as he felt Vlad’s stare glued to his back. His temper flared.

So, Vlad was up to his old tricks again. He should’ve known.

“Holler at us when the food’s ready!” his dad called out happily.

2. Chapter 2

“What the heck is wrong with you?” Danny blurted, cornering Vlad under the doorway of the restroom just as he was about to exit.

“Finished helping your mother with dinner, I take it? I can hardly wait. I really am quite famished—”

“Stop messing around, Vlad. Seriously, what were you thinking? Groping me right in front of my dad? What about all that talk about ‘not arousing suspicion’?” Danny hissed.

“Oh, well, since it seems you haven’t realized, that wasn’t *me* touching you. It was that dreadful Wisconsin ghost,” Vlad said in imitated and dramatic displeasure. "But I wonder what they're doing all the way over here?"

Danny scowled.

“By the by, ‘groping’ is such a vulgar word. I was simply expressing my adoration towards you, seeing as how you were having doubts and all.”

Frowning, Danny shook his head. “What are you doing here?” he asked, irritation clearly heard in his voice.

“Ah, funny you should ask. I was simply passing by when I got a phone call from your father inviting me to your family’s dinner. What a complete and utter coincidence, wouldn’t you say?”

“Yeah, sure. What a total coincidence.” Danny repeated, narrowing his eyes. It was more than obvious that Vlad wasn’t being truthful, even if it wasn’t something too out of the ordinary. Impromptu get-togethers with his college “friend” did sound like something his dad would do, especially now that Vlad didn't live too far away.

Still, something nagged at Danny. It really was too much of a coincidence that Vlad just happened to be nearby when his dad had called him. It was

almost as if Vlad was expecting it. As if he was literally waiting outside his home, knowing for certain he would get the call…

Danny's eyes widened in disbelief. "Wait, did you...? You overshadowed my dad and forced him to call you, didn't you?"

"Oh, no! You figured me out!" Vlad exclaimed, raising his hands up in mock surrender. "You always did excel at seeing right through me." He smiled and ruffled Danny's hair.

Danny growled, pushing Vlad's hand away. "What is up with you? You said you'd stop using your powers for this sort of stuff," he said as he irritatingly fixed his hair back into place.

"No, I specifically said I'd stop using them to pursue my revenge against your parents."

"So, you have to use them to mess with me instead?"

Vlad smiled and leaned forward, holding his face close to Danny's. "I wanted to see you again, and I simply couldn't wait for the next opportune moment."

Warmth rose to Danny's cheeks. He took a hasty glance around to make sure they weren't being watched before glaring at Vlad. "And you thought that manipulating your way in here to do that was okay?"

"How else was I supposed to stop by? I can't exactly show up uninvited. That would be terribly rude," Vlad explained, straightening himself up.

"You practically invited yourself," Danny muttered.

"I suppose I did, didn't I? But let's add that to the ever-growing pile of secrets that we share, shall we?"

Letting out a tired sigh, Danny slumped his shoulders in defeat. "Why are you doing this? Can't you act like a decent person for once?"

Vlad stared silently at Danny for a moment, his features absent of any humor. He looked away. “You know, Daniel, ever since I’ve denounced my vengeance against your parents, life has admittedly been a bit dull.”

Danny furrowed his eyebrows, trying to get a read on what Vlad was saying.

“These powers of mine were only ever used to pursue and exact my revenge,” Vlad said, flexing his hand. Crackles of energy manifesting as magenta-colored sparks flew up from his palm and dissipated in the air. “And now that the flames of burning hatred against your mother and father have been extinguished, I’ve found myself unsure of what to do these abilities that I’ve grown so accustomed to using.”

Bewildered by Vlad’s explanation, Danny blinked with his mouth slightly agape. “Are you… are you telling me that you’re *bored* because you don’t care about my parents anymore, so now you have to use your powers to annoy me?”

Vlad’s slow forming smile was all the answer that Danny needed.

“I can’t believe this," Danny said, shaking his head. "If you’re so bored, then why don’t you use your powers for something good? Like, oh, I don’t know, saving people’s lives like I do?”

“Hm, I’m afraid that particular hobby doesn’t align with my list of interests. Besides, I’d be taking the spotlight away from you if I dedicated myself to such a pastime. And I wouldn’t want my precious little half ghost to feel inferior," Vlad explained, his tone like that of someone talking to an infant.

“You egotistical maniac,” Danny muttered, wondering how he managed to fall for someone as diabolical as Vlad. He didn’t want to hate himself thinking about it.

Vlad took Danny’s hand. “My dear boy, can’t you see that I’m doing all of this for you? We hardly get the chance to be together, and I truly was simply expressing how much you mean to me.”

Danny scoffed. “Yeah, well, you have a real twisted way of showing it, and you’re doing a poor job of convincing me that you really have changed, too.”

“I’m sorry. Old habits die hard, as they say,” Vlad said, stepping forward and pulling Danny by his hand before wrapping that same large arm around him.

“Hey, what are you doing?” Danny hissed, putting his hands up to Vlad’s chest to push him away. He took a panicked look around. Thankfully, they were still alone. But before Danny could separate himself, Vlad used his free hand to grip his chin, tilting his head up and keeping him still as Vlad looked down at him.

“I still owe you a proper kiss, don’t I?” Vlad asked quietly.

Unamused by the offer, Danny kept a straight face. “The one on my hand? I think you’ve done more than enough. I’ll pass.”

“That’s all right. I can think of another place better suited for it anyway,” Vlad murmured, gently running his thumb across Danny’s bottom lip.

Danny rolled his eyes. “If you seriously think some cheesy talk and a make out session will be enough of an apology, you better think again.”

Vlad smiled, and Danny had no difficulty recognizing that familiar look in his eyes. “Then perhaps I can ask to stay the night and give you something more in the privacy of your bedroom.”

Feeling Vlad’s hand creep up underneath his shirt, Danny couldn’t suppress a shiver as his fingers caressed his skin. And as much as he tried to fight it, the tingling heat building up inside him clearly proved Danny’s interest in Vlad’s proposal.

It’s true. They’ve hardly had any opportunities to be together. Living so far away from each other was one of the biggest reasons, and it was why Vlad had decided to make the big move. But school amongst other things still

prevented most of any potential alone time, and that made Vlad's suggestion to stay the night all the more appealing.

Though exciting as it was be to imagine how much they could get away with in his room and in his bed, after all the humiliation Vlad had put him through, Danny wasn't exactly keen on letting Vlad off the hook so easily.

"How about a I give you a little taste in the meantime?" Vlad asked, as if sensing Danny's hesitation to agree. He moved his fingers from Danny's chin, sliding them over to cup the side of his face. "I can tell you're just as hungry as I am."

Danny couldn't stop a snort, and he didn't stop Vlad's advances as he leaned forward either. "Dinner's in the kitchen, fruit loop."

"Consider this an appetizer," Vlad murmured, his breath tickling Danny's skin as he nuzzled his nose with his own.

"Whatever." Allowing himself to get carried away, Danny clutched Vlad's suit in his small fists. He closed his eyes, and slightly pursed his lips as his anticipation rose. Maybe indulging in one kiss wouldn't be so bad. And no one said he couldn't stay mad at Vlad afterwards.

"Danny?"

With only enough time to let out a gasp against Vlad's lips, Danny phased out of Vlad's embrace, clumsily stumbling back into the wall. Vlad stood up straight and adjusted his suit jacket.

"Oh, there you are," Jazz said as she popped up around the corner of the hallway and walked towards them.

Heart pounding against his chest, Danny composed himself as best he could, pushing himself off of the wall as he gave an annoyed look at his sister. "What do you want, Jazz?"

Jazz stopped in front of Danny with her hands on her hips, answering his question with a deadpan look. "Is my baby brother bothering you, Mr.

Masters?” she asked as she looked over to Vlad.

“Not at all, my dear. He was only asking me if I would be staying over tonight,” Vlad said with a glance and smile at Danny.

Clenching his teeth, Danny furtively tried shooting his best “are you trying to get us caught?” glare.

“And, please, call me Uncle Vlad,” Vlad then said to Jazz with the most innocent looking face Danny had ever seen him on him, and he would’ve rolled his eyes if he wasn’t so preoccupied with trying to find a way to leave the scene without looking totally suspicious.

“If you say so,” Jazz said with a shrug, returning her attention back to Danny. “Danny, Mom needs your help setting up the table—”

“On it.” Danny hastily walked past Vlad and Jazz, not even daring to give Vlad one final glimpse. And just like before, he could feel Vlad’s eyes as on him as he quickly made his way down the hall. Danny’s face flushed.

He couldn’t believe it happened again. And it was even worse this time around because he’d actually fallen for Vlad’s ridiculous advances even after everything he’d done to him.

He should know better. Sneaking his way in, all those chanced touches and secretive kisses, the risk of getting caught in the act; It was all a game to Vlad. As bluntly as Vlad had put it, Danny really had become his number one source for his depraved form of entertainment.

But that was it. Vlad had his fun, and Danny was in no way interested in letting him have more, whether by choice or not.

Danny stopped at the entryway separating the kitchen from the living room, seeing his mom standing by the stove. He stood limply as he sighed through his nose.

Dinnertime was going to go by excruciatingly slow tonight.